

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt Ros. & Guy.

King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Wee'll so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for your part Ophelia, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere, gracious so please you,

Prince of Denmark

We will bestow our selues; ready
That show of such an exercise ma
Your lowlines; we are oft too bla
Tis too much proou'd, that with
And pious action, we doe sugar o
The deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lath that speech doth
The harlots cheeke beautied with
Is not more ongly to the thing tha
Then is my deede to my most pa
O heavy burthen.

Enter Hamlet

Pol. I heare him comming, wit
Ham. To be, or not to be, that
Whether tis nobler in the minde
The slings and arrowes of outrag
Or to take Armes against a sea of
And by opposing, end them, to
No more, and by a sleepe, to say
The hart-ake, and the thousand
That flesh is heire to; tis a consu
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sle
To sleepe, perchance to dreame,
For in that sleepe of death what
When we haue shuffled off this r
Must giue vs pause, there's the re
That makes calamitie of so long
For who would beare the whips
Th'oppressors wrong, the prou
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the
The insolence of office, and the
That patient merri of th'vnwor
When he himselfe might his quie
With a bare bodkin; who woul
To grunt and sweat vnder a wea
But that the dread of something
The vndiscouer'd country, from